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Moodie's, and we were ready to start. Mike called his eldest, the boy whom we had found on his knee the evening before, and with humorous gravity gave him charge of his mother and the family. The little fellow straightened up, and got a little wooden gun his father had made him, which Mike went through a semblance of loading, and returned to him. Then, with a comical childish dignity he walked to the shore, and bade his father good-bye, assuring him that he "ould keep the 'olves off, and take care mother." "Mother" herself, Moodie said, was no weak specimen of humanity, being a crack rifle-shot, and a good oarswoman. The last time Mike went down to the settlements, he told her that she might have for herself all the deer-skins she could get during his absence; and accordingly, entirely alone, she had secured seven or eight before he returned, a period of not more than three or four days.

We rowed up the lake several miles, to where the lay of the land around was such that the deer would be pretty sure to run into the lake when started, and then the boats were stationed at such points as they would be most likely to swim across to escape the dogs. Having been assigned our stations, about a mile apart, Mike landed and put his dogs out, the two couples on different tracks, and left the old Solitary to find his game for himself. Bill put his out at a different point, and then we all rowed out into the lake to wait the progress of events. It was raining very slightly, and Moodie wrapped his coat around his rifle-lock to keep the wet out, and pushing the boat under the partial shelter of a fir that overhung the shore of the lake, we cuddled up into as small a space as possible, and kept as dry as we might. It was an excellent day for the scent to lay, and the dogs were all in full cry. We could distinguish the different voices sometimes very plainly, particularly the deep bay of the old hound, which did not come so often as that of the younger ones, but rang with a terrible emphasis. The sounds swept away into the woods, feebler and feebler, until finally we could only hear an occasional yelp, faint and scarcely distinguishable. Then, after a time, old Solitary's voice came into hearing again, quickened somewhat, and full of fire. "He's after an old buck," said Moodie, for those accustomed to the hounds can tell what kind of a deer it is that is pursued, by the cry of the dog pursuing. Nearer and nearer he came, and seemed likely to cross at our station. This was a place they called "the narrows," where the lake narrowed between two points of land, so that it was not more than four or five hundred yards wide. We lay at the point opposite that by which the deer must enter, and as the bay drew nearer, and sounded quicker, we drew out from the bushes to be in readiness.

"Hush," said Moodie, presently, and directed me to watch the point, where immediately the deer plunged in, making the water fly in grand style. He did not swim towards us, but in a direction more down the lake, and by Moodie's direction I paddled gently out, so as to be ready to row in and cut him off, when he should be far enough from the shore he had left, to keep him from returning to it. Noiselessly moving out with the paddle alone, Moodie did not use the oars until he thought the

deer, a noble buck, was about in the middle of the lake, then rising to his oars, he pulled away as if for his own life. I threw my utmost strength into the paddle, and our light boat flew across the water. The cunning old buck, instead of turning back, or even hesitating, pushed with redoubled energy for the shore he had originally started for. After a few minutes' rowing we saw that we had miscalculated the distance, for though we were overtaking him rapidly, he had too much the start of us, and just as Moodie dropped his oars he struck a sand bar, which ran twenty or thirty yards into the lake, and which we had not calculated on, when, rising with all his strength, he bounded through the shallow water, throwing the spray before him, and just as Moodie had unwrapped his gun-lock, and was ready to fire, he plunged into the forest and disappeared. I was not in the least sorry, for though I had pulled with my utmost vigor, I did not care to have the deer killed—indeed, I hoped he would escape, but since I had joined in the hunt, I was bound to do my best to make it successful. I heard his heavy tramp through the woods as it died away into the distance, with more pleasure than I should have seen him wilt down under Moodie's fire, as I had seen the fawn the day before. Moodie, however, was excessively annoyed at being thus balked by the deer, and pulled across to where the dog stood, occasionally baying, and taking him in, rowed to the bar where the deer went out. While we were yet many yards from the shore, the dog caught the scent on the water, and springing from the boat in a perfect frenzy, with a quick and heavy bay he followed the line of foam which the deer had left on the water, and went out on the shore in the very trail he had made, and off into the woods in full and ardent cry.

We rowed out into the lake again, and I expressed my surprise at the hound's having found the trail in the water. "Oh, that's nothing," said Moodie; "I've known a dog to follow a deer half a mile in deep water, when the lake was very smooth, and he would make every turn the deer made, and go out at the same place, when he had not seen the deer at all, and it was ten or fifteen minutes after he had gone through. Scent will lie some considerable time on smooth water," continued he, "and a good dog will follow it very well."

The voice of the hound was again swallowed up by the green abyss of the forest, and we waited in silence half an hour or more, when we heard it faintly in the distance, and then back and forwards—so that, for a long time, it seemed a matter of doubt if he would come in again where we were. The baying was still some distance away, when Moodie pointed out an object moving in the water, close in shore. It was the buck which had doubled on the hound; and was now skulking along shore to throw the dog off the scent—but the latter was too quick; and the dreaded sound of his voice coming into uncomfortable nearness, the deer pushed out into the deep water. This time we were more prompt, and, rowing along side of him, Moodie caught him by the tail. I turned my face away—and, when I looked again, the head and tail drooped, and the blood was reddening the dark water. We took

him in, and returned to get the dog, but met him half way from shore. He had swam out to meet us; and, lifting him into the boat, we rowed back to the station. We could hear the other dogs faintly, at times; and, presently there came a feeble report of a gun, and after a short interval, another, and then all was still again. They were from Mike's boat, which had gone above us, and presently it came in sight, when we joined it, and turned down the lake together. Student had killed two deer, a young buck, and a noble fat doe.

We rowed down the lake slowly; and as we neared the post where Angler had been left, we saw, leaving an island at a little distance from the mainland, a black object, which swam to the shore slowly—and all three boats gave chase; Angler's nearest, but only near enough to lose it among some large rocks forming the shore, and between two of which the animal went out. Nobody could tell what it was. Bill said a bear—Mike said a hedge-hog; but we put the dogs ashore, and after racing two and fro among the crags, they balked at a steep ledge, up which neither we nor they could go, and they showed signs of fear, and hung back. The rocks were impassable; and there might have been bears and panthers enough to have eaten us all up within shot, and we be none the wiser for it; so we re-embarked, and left what had almost promised to be an adventure. I suspect that Mike was right, but I hoped it was a bear—to have seen one, at least, would have been something. We reached Mike's cabin by late dinner-time, somewhat wet, for it was still drizzling, and took dinner, this time, *en famille*.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

NO. 3.—THE VILLA.

(Continued.)

IV. THE BRITISH VILLA—THE CULTIVATED OR BLUE COUNTRY—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION.

In the papers hitherto devoted to the investigation of villa architecture, we have contemplated the beauties of what may be considered as its model, in its original and natural territory; and we have noticed the difficulties to be encountered in the just erection of villas in England. It remains only to lay down the general principles of composition, which, in such difficulties, may, in some degree, serve as a guide. Into more than general principles, it is not consistent with our plan to enter. One obstacle, which was more particularly noticed, was, as it may be remembered, the variety of the geological formations of the country. This will compel us to use the divisions of landscape formerly adopted in speaking of the cottage, and to investigate severally the kind of domestic architecture required by each.

First. Blue, or cultivated country, which is to be considered as including those suburban districts in the neighborhood of populous cities, which, more frequently black than blue, possess the activity, industry and life which we before noticed as one of the

characteristics of blue country. We shall not, however, allude to suburban villas at present; first, because they are in a country possessing nothing which can be spoiled by anything; and secondly, because their close association renders them subject to laws which, being altogether different from those by which we are to judge of the beauty of solitary villas, we shall have to develop in the consideration of street effects.

Passing over the suburb, then, we have to distinguish between the *simple* blue country, which is composed only of rich cultivated champaign, relieved in parts by low undulations, monotonous, and uninteresting as a whole, though cheerful in its character, and beautiful in its details of lanes and meadow paths; and the *picturesque* blue country, lying at the foot of high hill ranges, intersected by their outworks, broken here and there into bits of crag and dingle scenery; perpetually presenting prospects of exquisite distant beauty, and possessing in its valley and river scenery, fine detached specimens of the natural "green country." This distinction we did not make in speaking of the cottage; the effect of which, owing to its size, can extend only over a limited space; and this space, if in picturesque blue country, must be either part of its monotonous cultivation, when it is to be considered as belonging to the simple blue country, or part of its dingle scenery, when it becomes green country; and it would not be just, to suit a cottage actually placed in one color, to the general effect of another color, with which it could have nothing to do. But the effect of the villa extends very often over a considerable space, and becomes part of the large features of the district; so that the whole character and expression of the visible landscape must be considered, and thus the distinction between the two kinds of blue country becomes absolutely necessary. Of the first or simple, we have already adduced, as an example, the greater part of the south of England. Of the second, or picturesque, the cultivated parts of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, generally Shropshire, and the north of Lancashire, and Cumberland, beyond Coldbeck Falls, are good examples; perhaps better than all the country for twelve miles north, and thirty south, east and west of Stirling.

Now, the matter-of-fact business-like activity of simple blue country has been already alluded to. This attribute renders in it a plain, palpable, brick dwelling-house allowable; though a thing which, in every country but the simple blue, compels every spectator of any feeling to send up aspirations that builders who, like those of Babel, have brick for stone, may be put, like those of Babel, to confusion. Here, however, it is not only allowable, but even agreeable, for the following reasons:—

Its cleanness and freshness of color, admitting of little dampness or staining, firm in its consistence, not mouldering like stone, and therefore inducing no conviction of antiquity or decay, presents rather the appearance of such comfort as is contrived for the enjoyment of temporary wealth, than of such solidity as is raised for the inheritance of unfluctuating power. It is thus admirably suited for that country where all is change, and all activity; where the

working and money-making members of the community are perpetually succeeding and overpowering each other; enjoying each in his turn, the reward of his industry; yielding up the field, the pasture, and the mine, to his successor, and leaving no more memory behind him, no further evidence of his individual existence, than is left by a working bee in the honey for which we thank his class, forgetting the individual. The simple blue country may, in fact, be considered the dining-table of the nation; from which it provides for its immediate necessities, at which it feels only its present existence, and in which it requires, not a piece of furniture, adapted only to remind it of past reflection, but a polished, clean, and convenient minister to its immediate wishes. No habitation, therefore, in this country, should look old; it should give an impression of present prosperity, of swift motion, and high energy of life; too rapid in its successive operation to attain greatness, or allow of decay, in its works. This is the first cause which, in this country, renders brick allowable.

Again, wherever the soil breaks out in simple blue country, whether in the river shore, or the broken road-side bank, or the ploughed field, in nine cases out of ten it is excessively warm in its color, being either gravel or clay, the black vegetable soil never remaining free of vegetation. The warm tone of these beds of soil is an admirable relief to the blue of the distances, which we have taken as the distinctive feature of the country, tending to produce the perfect light, without which no landscape can be complete. Therefore the red of the brick is prevented from glaring upon the eye, by its falling in with similar colors in the ground, and contrasting finely with the general tone of the distance. This is another instance of the material which Nature most readily furnishes, being the right one. In almost all blue country, we have only to turn out a few spadefulls of loose soil, and we come to the bed of clay, which is the best material for the building; whereas, we should have to travel hundreds of miles, or to dig thousands of feet, to get the stone which Nature does not want, and therefore has not given.

Another excellence in brick, is its perfect air of English respectability. It is utterly impossible for an edifice of brick to look affected or absurd; it may look rude, it may look vulgar, it may look disgusting in a wrong place; but it cannot look foolish, for it is incapable of pretension. We may suppose its master a brute, or an ignoramus, but we can never suppose him a coxcomb: a bear he may be, a fop he cannot be; and, if we find him out of his place, we feel that it is owing to error, not to impudence; to self-ignorance, not to self-conceit; to the want, not to the assumption of feeling. It is thus that brick is peculiarly English in its effect: for we are brutes in many things, and we are ignorami in many things, and we are destitute of feeling in many things, but we are *not* coxcombs. It is only by the utmost effort, that some of our most highly gifted junior gentlemen can attain such distinction of title; and even then the honor sits ill upon them: they are but awkward coxcombs. Affectation* never was, and

never will be, a part of English character: we have too much national pride, too much consciousness of our own dignity and power, too much established self-satisfaction, to allow us to become ridiculous by imitative efforts; and, as it is only by endeavoring to appear what he is not, that a man ever can become so, properly speaking; our true-witted continental neighbors, who shrink from John Bull as a brute, never laugh at him as a fool. "*Il est bête, il n'est pas pourtant sot.*"

The brick house admirably corresponds with this part of English character; for, unable as it is to be beautiful, or graceful, or dignified, it is equally unable to be absurd. There is a proud independence about it, which seems conscious of its own entire and perfect applicability to those uses for which it was built, and full of a good-natured intention to render every one who seeks shelter within its walls excessively comfortable: it therefore feels awkward in no company; and wherever it intrudes its good-humored red face, stares plaster and marble out of countenance, with an insensible audacity, which we drive out of such refined company, as we would a clown from a drawing-room, but which we nevertheless seek in its own place, as we would seek the conversation of the clown in his own turnip field, if he were sensible in the main.

Lastly. Brick is admirably adapted for the climate of England, and for the frequent manufacturing nuisances of English blue country: for the smoke, which makes marble look like charcoal and stucco like mud, only renders brick less glaring in its color; and the inclement climate, which makes the composition front look as if its architect had been amusing himself by throwing buckets of green water down from the roof, and before which the granite base of Sterling Castle is mouldering into sand as impotent as ever was ribbed by ripple, wreaks its rage in vain upon the bits of baked clay, leaving them strong, and dry, and stainless, warm and comfortable in their effect, even where neglect has permitted the moss and wall-flower to creep into their cornices, and mellow into something like beauty that which is always comfort. Damp, which fills many stones as it would a sponge, is defied by the brick; and the warmth of every gleam of sunshine is caught by it, and stored up for future expenditure; so that, both actually and in its effect, it is peculiarly suited for a climate whose changes are, in general, from bad to worse, and from worse to bad.

These, then, are the principal apologies which the brick dwelling-house has to offer for its ugliness. They will, however, only stand it in stead in the simple blue country; and, even there, only when the following points are observed.

First. The brick should neither be of the white, nor the very dark red, kind. The

individuals, whose affectation is, as we have seen, strikingly manifested in their lake villas: but, every rule has its exceptions; and, even on these gifted personages, the affectation sits so very awkwardly, so like a velvet bonnet on a ploughman's carroty hair, that it is evidently a late acquisition. Thus, one proprietor of land on Windermere, who has built unto himself a castellated mansion with round towers, and a Swiss cottage for a stable, has yet, with that admiration for the "neat not gaudy," which is commonly reported to have influenced the devil when he painted his tail peagreen, painted the rocks at the back of his house pink, that they may look clean. This is a little outcrop of English feeling in the midst of the assumed romance.

* The nation, indeed, possesses one or two interesting

white is worse than useless as a color: its cold, raw, sandy, neutral has neither warmth enough to relieve, nor grey enough to harmonize with any natural tones; it does not please the eye by warmth, in shade; it hurts it, by dry heat in sun; it has none of the advantages of effect which brick may have, to compensate for the vulgarity which it must have, and is altogether to be abhorred. The very bright red, again, is one of the ugliest warm colors that Art ever stumbled upon: it is never mellowed by damp or anything else, and spoils everything near it by its intolerable and inevitable glare. The moderately dark brick, of a neutral red, is to be chosen, and this, after a year or two, will be further softened in its color by atmospheric influence, and will possess all the advantages we have enumerated. It is almost unnecessary to point out its fitness for a damp situation, not only as the best material for securing the comfort of the inhabitant, but because it will the sooner contrast a certain degree of softness of tone, occasioned by microscopic vegetation, which will leave no more brick-red than is agreeable to the feelings where the atmosphere is chill.

Secondly. Even this kind of red is a very powerful color; and as, in combination with the other primitive colors, very little of it will complete the light, so, very little will answer every purpose in landscape composition, and every addition, above that little, will be disagreeable. Brick, therefore, never should be used in large groups of buildings, where those groups are to form part of landscape scenery; two or three houses partly shaded with trees, are all that can be admitted at once. There is no object more villainously destructive of natural beauty than a large town, of very red brick, with very scarlet tiling, very tall chimneys, and very few trees; while there are few objects that harmonize more with the feeling of English ordinary landscape, than the large, old, solitary, brick manor-house, with its group of dark cedars on the lawn in front, and the tall wrought-iron gate opening down the avenue of approach.

Thirdly. No stone quoining, or presence of any contrasting color, should be admitted. Quoins, in general (though, by-the-by, they are prettily managed in the Old Tolbooth of Glasgow, and some other antique buildings in Scotland), are only excusable as giving an appearance of strength; while their zig-zag monotony, when rendered conspicuous by difference of color, is altogether detestable. White cornices, niches, and the other superfluous introductions in stone and plaster, which some architects seem to think ornamental, only mock what they cannot mend, take away the whole expression of the edifice, render the brick-red glaring and harsh, and become themselves ridiculous in isolation. Besides, as a general principle, contrasts of extensive color are to be avoided in all buildings, and especially in positive and unmanageable tints. It is difficult to imagine whence the custom of putting stone ornaments into brick buildings could have arisen; unless it be an imitation of the Italian custom of mixing marble with stucco, which affords it no sanction, as the marble is only distinguishable from the general material by the sharpness of the

carved edges. The Dutch seem to have been the originators of the custom; and, by-the-by, if we remember right, in one of the very finest pieces of coloring now extant, a landscape by Rubens (in the gallery at Munich, we think), the artist seems to have sanctioned the barbarism, by introducing a brick edifice, with white stone quoining. But, the truth is, that he selected the subject, partly under the influence of domestic feelings, the place being, as it is thought, his own habitation; and partly as a piece of practice, presenting such excessive difficulties of color, and, as he, the lord of color, who alone could overcome them, would peculiarly delight in overcoming; and the harmony with which he has combined tints of the most daring force, and sharpest apparent contrast, in this edgy building, and opposed them to an uninteresting distance of excessive azure (simple blue country, observe), is one of the chief wonders of the painting: so that this masterpiece can no more furnish an apology for the continuance of a practice, which, though it gives some liveliness of character to the warehouses of Amsterdam, is fit only for a place whose foundations are mud, and whose inhabitants are partially animated cheeses, than Caravaggio's custom of painting blackguards should introduce an ambition among mankind, in general, of becoming fit subjects for his pencil. We shall have occasion again to allude to this subject, in speaking of Dutch street effects.

Fourthly. It will generally be found to agree best with the business-like air of the blue country, if the house be excessively simple, and apparently altogether the minister of utility; but, where it is to be extensive, or tall, a few decorations about the upper windows are desirable. These should be quiet and severe in their lines, and cut boldly in the brick itself. Some of the minor streets in the King of Sardinia's capital are altogether of brick, very richly charged with carving, with excellent effect, and furnish a very good model. Of course, no delicate ornament can be obtained, and no classical lines can be allowed; for we should be horrified by seeing that in brick which we have been accustomed to see in marble. The architect must be left to his own taste for laying on, sparingly and carefully, a few dispositions of well-proportioned lines, which are all that can ever be required.

These broad principles are all that need be attended to in simple blue country: anything will look well in it which is not affected; and the architect who keeps comfort and utility steadily in view, and runs off into no expatiations of fancy, need never be afraid here of falling into error.

Correspondence.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editors of the Crayon.—

THE list of pictures and sculpture sent to the Paris Exhibition has now been published. The amount of national pride to be felt at perusing it must, of course, be in great measure dependent on the amount of national pride which one feels in the British school itself of the present day; but, at whatever point of the thermo-

meter the warmth of that may stand, it may be freely conceded that the school has received fair representation. The number of new pictures forms but a small fraction of the total; the great majority being works which are already known, and which, generally speaking, have obtained the applause of some section of the artistic or critical world. Nor are the absent artists numerous whom one would wish present. The number of exhibiting painters and sculptors is about 200; in addition to which there are architects, engravers, and lithographers.

The following are among the principal works:—

In oils: Armitage's "Battle of Meeanee," which obtained one of the chief prizes in the last of our competitions in connection with the Houses of Parliament. Two admirable examples of Anthony. Ford Madox Brown's "Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.," one of the foremost historic works England has produced on a large scale. Five by Cope. Cross's "Richard I. forgiving Bertrand de Guerdon," a work partaking of the French style, as the artist pursued his studies in France, and one which England may be proud to set beside the historic productions of her rival. Two by Danby. Three by Dyce. Four by Eastlake. Ten by Landseer, including some famous specimens. Four by Leslie. Five by our noble landscapist, Linnell. "The Baron's Hall," by MacIise. "Belshazzar's Feast," by Martin—one of the few English artists known or esteemed by the French. Nine fine Mulready's. Poole's "Messenger announcing ill-tidings to Job"—a work possessing many qualities of greatness, and highly characteristic of a painter who, with obvious and even glaring faults, is notably a man of genius. Four by Roberts. Four by E. M. Ward.

In water-colors: Cattermole's "Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh about to shoot the Regent Murray, 1570," well-known by an engraving, and three others. Four by David Cox, incomparably the greatest in style and feeling of our living water-color landscapists, and from whom it is to be feared few new works will come. Two by Louis Haghe, the talented delineator of mediæval or renaissance interiors with figures. Eleven by Wm. Hunt—the humorous painter of rustic boys, the inimitable, faultless painter of birds' nests, hedges, fruit, and other exquisite still-life. Four oriental and Italian subjects by J. F. Lewis, also unrivalled in his walk of Art. Four miniatures by Thorburn, the man who has probably produced the finest works extant of that kind. Four by Wehnert, including "Caxton examining the first proof sheet from his press in Westminster Abbey," and "The Prisoner of Gisors," both engraved.

In sculpture: Baily's "Eve at the Fountain," and four others. Foley's "Youth at the Stream," "Hampden," and three others. Gibson's "Hunter and Dog," and "Hylas."

I have not yet spoken of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, which are, to my judgment, the most important of all, as marking an era not only in British, but in European painting, as well as for the intrinsic loftiness of their qualities. Holman Hunt sends three: "The Light of the World," a figure of Christ from the symbolic passage